eleven

The Girl That Lived Twice by Bolinlover123

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Summary: She wakes up in the forest, with no name, no identiy, no soul. The only clue to her past is the number '011' etched onto the underside of her wrist. What does a girl with no memories do when the past remembers her all-too well?

The Girl That Lived Twice

Okay, so here it is. My first 'Stranger Things' fanfic. So 'janeelevenives83' on tumblr asked about my Stranger Things dream. We exhanged a conversation about it via reablogging feels on our tumblrs and I was so determined to write about my dream that it turned into...this.

Note; most of the begining chapters will be from my dream. Later ones will be extentions of feels and headcannons and, um, feels. ;)

I will be posting all chapters here and on my tumblr. My tumblr is "korra-of-the- south'.

Enjoy!

Prolouge:

Pain.

Her first sinsation was one of tiny pinprinks probing at the pores of her delecare skin. Like little itches all over her, digging into tender flesh, bitting her hair.

That was the first sinsation that brought her into consiousness. But it was nothing compared to the feeling what washed over her just as her eyes flicked open. It was her soul being seperated, like a part of her very being had been dug out with gritty fingernails, pulling her existance to shreads that were so tiny they could not even be seen.

She knew something was wrong...but not *what* exactly. Trying to jumble her thoughts together, she pushed her body up, straining at the pain that ebbed through her muscles.

She stood.

Pain pain pain...

Her mind was empty beyound compare, like a blank canvas. Scanning the area around her, she took in her surrodundings. The air was damp with the buzz of nature just walking up, like a little rain

had came last night and washed everything clean and new. Chirps could be heard overhead with the rusling of leaves. She tried not think about the little itty bitty creatures that had been crawling on her arms and legs only moments before. A little river flowed and embbed to her right, ripples cascading over rocks and the edge of the shoreline. Maybe seeing her reflection would help jog her memory.

Her limps brought her towred the body of water; slowly, inch by inch, afraid of what she would see. Or... what she *wouldn't* see.

The being staring back at her had the face of a blank peice of paper. White, pale, skin, with hallow, hallow cheekbones. Lines eatching her face and veins protruding from her wide forehead, in attempt to pump blood. Her eyes were pools of nothing, darkness mirroing back at her. Above that was hair that barly tickled her ears; little bits of moss and leaves were caught in the short, brown strains and she hasteily brushed them away. Her clothes were normal-looking, she supopssed, besides the few ripps and tears and dirt that caked the hem of the cloth. Any young girl would wear a pink dress, she supossed, with a blue jacket over it to keep her warm. Her shoes were big enough to allow wiggle room for her toes, but at least they werrn't wet and cold like her hands.

And her *hands.* They were freezing and covered in some sort of inky, black substance. She rolled up her sleeves to get better access to her hands, to wash the horrible junk away. And that's when she saw it. It was there on the inside of her right wrist, in perfect black, block letters.

011

A clue to her past.

Eleven? Why was this number so significant to be tattoeed on her wrist? Whatever the reason, it was a clue, and she was greatful for it. She slowly traced the numbers with her fingers, mouthing the words, feeling the shape of it in her mouth.

She heaved a big sigh, shook her head to clear her thoughts. She would deal with that later. Now, she had to get the gross slime off her hands; it smelled horrible, and no doubt would attrack some sort

of rodent.

She plunged her hands, wrist deep, in the warm stream, scubbing her digets together, getting beneath her fingernails. Whatever this gunk was, it was hard to get off. After a good three minutes of scrubbing, her hands were mostly clean. She wipped her hands on her dress and gazed up at the sky.

What do to now?